

Gallipolis Journal.

W. H. NASH, Proprietor.

"Truth and Justice."

\$1.50 in Advance

VOLUME XXIII.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1874.

NUMBER 36.

ATTORNEYS.

C. W. WHITE, C. M. HOLCOMB,
WHITE & HOLCOMB,
Attorneys at Law,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Partitions of Real Estate, Examination of Titles, Conveyancing and Business for Administrators, Executors and Guardians promptly attended to. Special attention given to Collections. OFFICE—IN THE COURT HOUSE.

E. N. HARPER,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Pensions obtained and Government Claims prosecuted. Office on Second street, one door above Vander & Son. March 14, 1872.

Cushing & Aleshire.

THE undersigned, having formed a partnership in the practice of the law in Gallipolis, Ohio, offer their professional services to the public. Office: Second floor of John C. Shepherd's Block, on Second street, fronting Public Square. ALONZO CUSHING, CHARLES C. ALESHIRE. May 29, 1873.

C. W. BIRD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Gallipolis, Ohio.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va. Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc. Office on Second Street, five doors below Leavitt. May 29, 1873.—4f

W. H. H. Sisson,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Office—Near Court House. Sept. 18, 1873.

PHYSICIANS.

H. A. GILLET, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
CHAMBERSBURG, OHIO.

January 22, 1874.—1y

Dr. W. W. Mills
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Gallipolis and vicinity. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. (Feb. 12, '74.—4f

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. R. SAFFORD.
Office—21st., over J. H. Wain's Store. P. S.—Preserving the Natural Teeth, a specialty. March 19, 1874.

MARBLE WORKS.

MILES & KERR,
MARBLE CUTTERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS,
Tomb-Stones, &c.

SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Gallipolis, Ohio.

WE do everything in the line of Marble Cutting on short notice, and refer those who desire reference as to our skill and ability to our work. Oct. 26, 1871.—4f

Boots and Shoes.

J. F. Jenkins,
MANUFACTURER OF
FRENCH CALF
Boots and Shoes.

The best material used, and satisfaction guaranteed. All work warranted. SECOND STREET BELOW LOCUST. Gallipolis, O., Oct. 16, 1873.

MILLING.

R. ALESHIRE & CO.,
DEALERS IN

Flour, Wheat,

Mill-Feed, &c.

CASH FOR WHEAT,

EUREKA MILLS,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

May 9, 1874.—4f

Tailoring Establishment!

THE subscribers have located in the Deane's new building, Second street, for the purpose of carrying on the
TAILORING BUSINESS,
in all of its departments. They will keep on hand

PIECE GOODS,

of every variety and style, and will warrant good work and fit.

The public are invited to call. STEPHEN & WHITING.

March 5, 1873.—3m

Choice Family Flour!

ALWAYS ON HAND,

At D. S. FORD'S.

May 14, 1874.

BANKING.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
GALLIPOLIS.

EDWARD DELETOMBE, President.
JOSEPH HUNT, Vice-President.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:
Edward Deletombe, Jno. A. Hamilton, Reuben Aleshire, Jos. Hunt, John Hutsiniller, J. S. Blackaller.
Bank open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.
May 7, 1874.

OHIO VALLEY BANK,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Cash Capital, \$100,000.

Individual Liability, \$800,000.

A. HENKING, President.
J. T. HALLIDAY, Vice President.
W. T. MINTURN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
A. HENKING, H. N. BAILEY,
J. T. HALLIDAY, W. M. SHORER.

This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking business, making collections on all points, and remitting as directed, promptly on day of payment. Interest allowed on all time deposits. No charge to regular depositors for New York or Cincinnati Exchange. Banking hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. November 7, 1872.

MILLINERY.

MRS. J. HOWELL,
DEALER IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.
COURT STREET,
Between 3d and 3d, - - Gallipolis, O.
May 7, 1874.

MILLINERY.

Miss ALICE HILL,
Has removed her MILLINERY establishment to THIRD STREET, in the new building opposite the store of Mr. Charles Mack. Her friends are invited to call.
January 22, 1874.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

JOHN J. MAXON,

DEALER IN

Boots,

Shoes,

Hats,

Caps,

Leather,

&c., &c.

ALESHIRE'S BLOCK,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

EF We have the best of workmen in our Mechanical department, and all orders for Ladies and Gents' wear will be promptly attended to. Nov. 21, 1872.

1874.

SPRING & SUMMER.

CHAS. MACK,

3d st., above Aleshire's Mill.

Has just returned from the East with a full stock of

DRY GOODS,

PLATED AND BRITANNIA WARE,

LAMPS, LANTERNS, CHAN-

DELIERS, &c., &c.

Is complete, and with his regular additions, is always ready to give to customers in his line goods at prices defying competition.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

I specially invite to examine the stock, feeling confident that in quality and price I can give complete satisfaction.

WM. GEPPART,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

May 14, 1874.

GALLIPOLIS

Furniture Factory!

GATEWOOD, FULLER & CO.,

Manufacture the following specialties for the Trade:

BUREAUS,

WASHSTANDS,

BEDSTEADS,

LOUNGES, AND

KITCHEN SAFES.

FACTORY—State street, north of 4th. OFFICE—Corner of Third and State Streets.

James Gatewood, Wm. Shober, Wm. G. Fuller, Jno. C. Hutsiniller, Thos. R. Hayward.

Oct. 9, 1873.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

HENKING, ALLEMONG & CO.,
WHOLESALE

GROCERS

AND

Commission Merchants,

—DEALERS IN—

Produce, Provisions,

and Liquors.

GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.

Manufacturer's Agents

—FOR—

RIFLE & BLASTING POWDER,

Clifton Iron and Nail Co.,

BURT'S CELEBRATED VIRGINIA TOBACCO.

Jan. 7, 1872

GROCERIES, &c.

CHARLES SEMON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Confectionaries,

Provisions, &c.,

COURT ST., BET. SECOND & THIRD,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Respectfully asks the citizens of Gallipolis to call at his establishment and examine his stock of

GROCERIES,

Consisting of all articles to be found in a

FAMILY GROCERY STORE.

My stock of CONFECTIONERIES are large and complete; such as

Candies, Cakes, Nuts, Fruits, &c.

By strict attention to business, selling at small profits, I hope to merit a share of public patronage.

OYSTERS

by the can and half can—the best quality, and warranted to be fresh.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.

C. SEMON.

D. S. FORD,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Provisions, Produce, &c.,

DROUILLARD'S BLOCK,

COURT ST., - - - GALLIPOLIS, O.

January 15, 1874.

A. B. Clark. A. R. Clark. J. C. Kerr.

A. B. & A. R. CLARK & CO.,

(Successors to A. B. CLARK & BRO.)

Wholesale Grocers

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 39 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

January 1, 1874.—1y

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

PIONEER

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE

STORE.

THE Proprietor of the "Old Reliable" Establishment with a stock of

QUEENSWARE, CHINA AND GLASS-

WARE, TABLE CUTLERY,

Fancy Goods,

PLATED AND BRITANNIA WARE,

LAMPS, LANTERNS, CHAN-

DELIERS, &c., &c.

Is complete, and with his regular additions, is always ready to give to customers in his line goods at prices defying competition.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

I specially invite to examine the stock, feeling confident that in quality and price I can give complete satisfaction.

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GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

May 14, 1874.

GALLIPOLIS

Furniture Factory!

GATEWOOD, FULLER & CO.,

Manufacture the following specialties for the Trade:

BUREAUS,

For the Gallipolis Journal.

Ministry.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

Oh! 'tis hard to lose our friends,
To put them from our sight,
And walk the weary ways alone
Without their guiding-light.

And natural, too, that we should grieve,
And think no other's woe
Is half as deep, and dark as ours,
And wonder why 'tis so.

Yet God will not that we should shut
Ourselves from out our kind,
And in our own pure selfishness
Our greatest sorrow find.

He wills that we should look to Him,
For light to lead us on,
And see outside the boundary bars—
There's much that may be done;

That other hearts are aching too,
And give the tender word,
For from the one that suffers most
The sweetest notes are heard.

And doing thus, without the thought,
Our comfort we shall glean:
'Tis thro' the door the good goes out—
The angel enters in.

DETROIT, Feb., 1874.

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

It was close upon one o'clock in the morning, and the moon shone brightly at times through the fleecy clouds that were gliding swiftly across the disk, before the northeast monsoon. One of our torch-bearers had vanished, and the other had allowed his torch to go out, from carelessness or fright, but this did not much signify, as there was sufficient moonlight for the bearers to see the road; that is to say, if a ruddy torch through the jungle could with any sense of propriety be termed a road.

It was a beautiful hamboe jungle that Jack Waldron and I were traveling through, and for a long time I gave myself up to watching, with much interest, the graceful waving clumps of that gigantic cane, as we passed them slowly, the bearers stumbling and kicking their way over roots and stones with doleful groans, and grunts full of misery. I thought to myself what a fine place for peacocks we must have, and then reflecting that peacocks and tigers are not uncommonly found together, I began to wonder if there were any of the striped gentry prowling in the forest; for, although the word jungle is here used in the common acceptance of the Indian term, which embraces everything aboriginal, from the mightiest forests to the most insignificant brushwood, it was, in fact, a hamboe forest we were in, with forest glades to the right and left of the road, and having canes of extraordinary growth and loftiness, even for that part of India. Smoking and looking out of the palanquin window, in the faint hope of discovering some wild animal crossing the glades in the moonlight, I must have almost unconsciously got a pretty good idea of the road, for I remembered that, generally distinct enough afterward, when I had to travel it under less comfortable circumstances. But there were no wild animals to be seen of the kind I was looking for. Jackals raised their unearthly cry now and then in the recesses of the jungle, and the great horned owl flitted across the road from one patch of bamboo to another; but of tigers there was no sign, which was just what I considered, for that we had left our guns and rifles at Kimdy, waiting our return, and had not even a pistol between us. It was hard to get any information out of the bearers regarding the character of the road, for they spoke Telegu, and had but very slight acquaintance with Hindustani, and, besides this, they were sulky, so that having tried to get some information from them in vain, I gave it up as a bad job, and throwing away the end of my cheroot composed myself to sleep.

I don't think I could have slept more than half an hour when I was awakened this time by the renewed clamor of the bearers, who, crowding about the door of my palanquin, which they had allowed to fall roughly on the ground, were shouting and shouting with surprising volubility and excitement. At first half-asleep as I was, I could not make out what they wanted; but when I gathered that my friend Waldron was seized with the cholera I was alarmed indeed, and crawled out of the palanquin as speedily as I could to render him assistance. The bearers were all as frightened and helpless as a flock of sheep with a wolf at their midst, and I could see that they were perfectly panic-stricken. On reaching Waldron's palanquin, which was a hundred yards or so ahead of mine, I found my friend, as I thought, very ill, and as he faintly assured me, suffering from all the symptoms of cholera. What was to be done? We had no medicine but quinine, and it was vain to look for any. Fortunately we had brandy, without which an Indian traveler rarely journeys, and of this I made Waldron swallow a considerable quantity. Then I ran back to call the bearers to proceed without an instant's delay, but imagine my dismay when I discovered that they had one and all disappeared! I shouted and called without effect. There was no answer. I ran back upon our road for some distance at my best speed, but could see no one. I shouted again and again, threatened and entreated by turns, but only to the trees of the forests for not a bearer was to be seen. At last I was obliged to own to myself that we were deserted, and making much noise at the attempt, I felt that such noise would be in the highest degree dangerous under the circumstances. I might run at my best pace ahead, and for a moment I thought of doing so; but then, again, the tiger could easily outstrip me, and would not running encourage him to follow? There was

nothing to do but to walk on as I had been doing, and accordingly, although a courage I was far from feeling, I went on my way. I could hear nothing as I walked, but the sound of my own footsteps and the faint rustling of the leaves in the bamboos overhead; but this silence of the night only rendered the occasional glimpses I caught of my terrible enemy the more appalling, as he slunk like a shadow from bush to bush, and always on a line with me, and as I fancied, nearer and nearer to the roadside. I do not know how long this continued. I was in that state of mind to take no count of time, and my only idea was to get off as fast as possible to the village for assistance. It was just then, and when I was plodding along over the roots and stones in the path, that I heard, or fancied I heard, the sound of bearers' voices borne faintly to my ears. I stopped, and I thought, "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" I seemed to be waiting to meet a friend, a friend of deliverance, and I stopped for a moment to be sure my ears were not deceiving me. At the time indeed, I was very doubtful whether I was awake or asleep, sane or insane. It might all be a horrible nightmare, and my ghastly companion a mere freak of the imagination. I pinched my arm to make sure I was not dreaming; but I need not have put my wakefulness to this test, for there was the tiger, and this time in front of me. He must have passed while I stopped to listen; and he now lay crouched in the middle of the path, about twenty paces in front of me. The moon was shining very brightly at the moment, not a cloud near it, and I could distinctly make out every limb of the animal even to his tail, which was moving from side to side with a rapid whisking motion. Instinctively I stepped a few paces backward, fully expecting the tiger to pounce upon me in one or two of those great bounds peculiar to the animal; but he did nothing of the sort—he only sneaked a little nearer, his body upon the ground, and so stealthily that I could only tell that he had moved by his preserving the same distance from me as before. Not daring to look round, I stepped back again, half-dead with terror, but supported to some extent by the cries of the palanquin bearers in the distance, that were now drawing closer to me. It was a palanquin coming along the road from Poore, and if it came quickly I might be saved. This was the question: Would the tiger devour me before it could arrive, or not. I could not think about it; my brain swam, and I believe for a moment I must have been unconscious of anything about me. The last thing I remember was an attempt I made to shout, although, whether I did shout or not, I can not say, and I awoke to find myself in the arms of a stranger, who was bending over me and holding a flask to my lips. There was a crowd of bearers and armed peons standing around and two palanquins, one of which was Waldron's. In a few words the stranger explained it all. He was the head assistant to the collector of a neighboring district, and was traveling on duty from Poore to Kimdy, and he had found me poor Waldron lay out on the road. Luckily, he had a medicine chest with him, and was something of a doctor. He prescribed for my friend on the spot, and ordered a few of his hangers-on to take up the sick man's palanquin and follow him. They traveled at their best speed or I might not have lived to tell the tale. The excitement of the moment, and the roused second time by his peons, who ran ahead, shouting out: "Bagh, Bagh!" (Tiger, Tiger!) and by the commotion among his bearers, who nearly allowed the palanquin to fall to the ground. He seized his rifle, which lay loaded beside him; but when he jumped out of the palanquin the tiger was gone, and there remained in place to his great astonishment, myself. That a European should be found in a faint on such a road and in such a place was an enigma to him until I told my story, when, seeing how fatigued and excited I was, he insisted on my getting into his palanquin while he walked along side of it. My own palanquin I should say, was being brought slowly after us by two or three of my new friend's numerous retainers.

There is a little more to tell. We all three duly arrived at the bungalow, Waldron in a profound sleep, and I, after a most refreshing morning much better in health.

Whether the narcotic he had taken was a cure for cholera, or his attack was a slight one I cannot say, but certainly he was fit to travel next day as I was myself. Perhaps I was the greater invalid of the two, for I was suffering from fever, brought on, no doubt, by the fatigue and excitement of the previous night. However, this cholera-stricken village was no place to stay in, and Waldron and I determined to go on to Poore at once, and this time by daylight.

Thanks to the official importance of our civilian friend, we had no difficulty this time in procuring bearers, and about one o'clock in the day we returned over that terrible road, that must have left a vivid impression on my memory, without further adventure. The civilian was bound in the other direction; but he told me he would be in that part of the country again in a few weeks, and we would certainly beat up my friend the tiger. And longer afterward—after we had left Poore, and were busy with the parade and drills of regimental existence—I had a letter from this same civilian, sending me a tiger skin, which he vouched for as the coat of the identical beast that came so near eating me up. It was the only tiger, he said, that haunted that particular road, and it was killed by a native Shikaree for the sake of the Government reward. A woman's

"bangle" or golden ornament was said to have been found in its stomach, but this may have been the invention of the Shikaree. True or not, the skin was and is a handsome one, but it does not need to be spread as a hearthrug constantly before my eyes to recall the terrible memories of that night I spent in the jungle.—Chambers' Journal.

An Astonishing Result.
Max Adler writes to the Danbury News as follows:

A recent medical experiment has excited a considerable amount of interest in our village. My neighbor Simpson was nearly dead with consumption, and Dr. Hopkins at last, in despair, concluded to try the effect of a transfusion of blood, of which he had heard so much lately. As no human being was willing to shed his blood for Simpson, the doctor bled Simpson's goat, and opening a vein in Simpson's arm he injected about two quarts of the blood into the patient's system. Simpson immediately began to revive, but, singular to relate, no sooner had his strength returned than he jumped out of bed, and, twitching his head about after the fashion of a goat, he made a savage attempt to butt the doctor.

That medical gentleman, after having Simpson's head plunged against his stomach three or four times, took refuge in the closet, whereupon Simpson banged his head against the panel of the door a couple of times, and would probably have broken it to splinters had not his mother-in-law entered at that moment and diverted his attention. One well directed blow from Simpson's head felled her, and then, while she screamed for help, Simpson frolicked around over the green flowers in the ingrain carpet. When they called the hired man in and tied him down on the bed, an effort was made to interview him, but the only answer he could give to such questions as how he felt and when he wanted his medicine was "ba-a," precisely like that of the goat; and then he would strain himself in an effort to butt a hole in the head-board. The condition of the patient was so alarming, and Dr. Hopkins determined to undo the evil if possible. So he first bled Simpson freely, and then by heavily bleeding Simpson's Irishman he procured fresh blood from him and injected Simpson the second time. Simpson is now as well as ever, excepting that he shakes his old Republican friends by displaying an irresistible tendency to vote the Democratic ticket, and makes his mother-in-law mad by speaking with a strong brogue. But he has given up butting, and has never indulged in it since but once, and that was on Sunday, when one of the remaining corpses of goat's blood getting into his brain just as he was going into church he butted the sexton half way up the aisle, and only recovered himself sufficiently to apologise just as the enraged official was about to floor him with a hymn-book.

Some Very Large Hailstones.
From the N. Y. Herald, 6th.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena ever witnessed in this country took place on the 4th of July, in Bergen county, N. J. About a quarter of 12 P. M. in the village of Westwood, during the celebration of the day, a sudden darkness came over the village, and, before the alarmed inhabitants could seek shelter, a violent storm of hail stones descended